

PALMETTO STANDARD.

Devoted to General and Local Intelligence, and to the Political, Agricultural and Educational Interests of the State.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
Payable in Advance.

CHESTER, S. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1852.

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THE III.

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of the rear-guard were embarking, they were
of the British. When the morning
light broke over the scene, there lay the two
armies within sight of each other, and the
battered Yaffee, surging and yearning in threat-
ening accents between, as if on purpose to
daunt the invaders from its bosom. Stung
into madness at this second escape of their
enemy, the English lined the shore with their
artillery, and opened a fierce cannonade
on the American camp. But the army, pro-
tected by an elevated ridge, rested quietly
and safely behind it. In a little cabin, just
showing its roof above the rocks, Greene
took up his quarters, and while his troops
were reposing, commenced writing his des-
patches. The enemy, suspecting the Ameri-
can general had established himself there,
directed his artillery upon it, and soon the
rocks rang with the balls that smoked and
bounced from their sides. It was not long
before the roof of the cabin was struck,
and the shingles and clapboards began to
fly about in every direction; but the stern
warrior within never once looked up, and
wrote on as calmly as if in his peaceful home.

Four days the British General tarried on
the shores of the Yaffee, and then, as the
waters subsided, again put his army in mo-
tion. Moving lower down the river, he crossed
over, and started anew after his adver-
sary. But the latter, ever vigilant, was al-
ready on his march for Guilford, where he
resolved to make a stand, and strike this
blow to the heart. But on reaching
Guilford, he learned, to his dismay, that the
reinforcements promised him had not arrived.
The English army was nearly double that of
his own, and all well tried, disciplined sol-
diers; and he knew it would be madness to
fight on such disadvantageous terms.
There was no remedy, but retreat, and this
had now become a difficult matter. In the
hope of being able to regain himself at Guil-
ford, he had suffered his enemy to approach
so close, and block him in so effectively,
that there was but one possible way of es-
cape. Cornwallis at last deemed his prey
secure.

On the 19th of February, this battle of ma-
nœuvres again commenced, and the two ar-
mies, only twenty-five miles apart—
stretched forward. Cornwallis supposed his
adversary would make for the upper fords of
the Dan, as there was nothing but fetid
swamp, and dense pine in such a position
that he could crush him at once; but
Cornwallis, suddenly, at twelve
o'clock, watch-fires blazing in the distance,
then lay the army for which they
had struggled so nobly and suffered so much,
overturn at last and sure to fall. In this
fearful crisis, that gallant band paused,
held a short consultation; and then resolved,
with one accord, to throw themselves in an
overwhelming charge on the English army,
and rolling it back on itself, by a sacrifice
as great as it was glorious, secure a few more
hours of safety to those they were protecting.
This noble devotion was spared such a trial;
the fires were indeed those kindled by
Greene's soldiers, but the tired columns had
departed, and, staggering from want of re-
pose and food, were now stretching forward
through the midnight miles in advance.

Cornwallis, when he arrived at the smoul-
dering camp fire, believed himself almost
up with Greene, and, allowing his troops
but a few moments' repose, marched all
night long. In the morning, his van was
taken the first step towards wealth. A far-
mer will receive a few grains of an improved
species of corn, which he will not eat, but
will plant them, and replant the product from
year to year, till his few grains will become
hundreds of bushels. Money is increaseable
by analogous processes, and success is with-
in the power of any man who shall attain to
ordinary longevity. If a man at the age of
20 years can save from his earnings twenty-
six cents every working day, and annually
invest the aggregate at compound legal 7
per cent, he will at the age of seventy, pos-
sess \$32,000. Many men who resort to
life insurance, can save several times twenty-
six cents daily, and thus accumulate several
times the above sum, long before the age of
seventy. Nearly all large fortunes are the
result of such accumulations; hence the
men who amass great fortunes are usually
those only who live long. The last few years
of Girard's and Astor's lives increased their
wealth more than scores of early years. To
be in haste to become rich by a few great
operations, is a direct road to eventual pov-
erty. We cannot, however, command long
life, but we can approximate thereto by com-
mencing early the process of accumulation—
an elongation by extending backward be-
ing as efficacious as an elongation forward—
Every hundred dollars expended by a man
of the age of twenty years, is an expendi-
ture of what at our legal rate of interest,
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to his victorious arms, and the whole South
be prostrate. But when he at length dis-
covered his mistake, he strained onward with
desperate efforts.

In the meanwhile, the fleeing army pre-
sented a most heart-rending spectacle. Half-
clad, and many of them barefoot, with only
one blanket for every four men, they rolled
through the mire, or left the blood on the
frozen ground—pressing on through the win-
try storm and cold winds, in the desperate
struggle for life. At night, when they snatched
a few moments' repose, three soldiers
would stretch themselves on the damp ground
under one blanket, and the fourth keep watch;
and happy were those who had even this
scanty covering. Over hills, through forests,
across streams, they held their anxious way,
drenched by the rains, and chilled by the wa-
ter through which they have waded—and, un-
protected and uncovered, were compelled to
dry their clothes by the heat of their own
bodies. Greene saw their distress with bit-
ter grief, but it could not be helped—his
cheering words and bright example were all
he could give them. Now hurrying along
his exhausted columns, and now anxiously
listening to hear the sound of the enemy's
guns in the distance, he became a prey to
the most wasting anxiety. From the time
he had set out for the camp of Morgan, on
the banks of the Catawba, he had not taken
off his clothes; while not an officer in the
army was earlier in the saddle, or later out
of it than he. But undismayed, his strong
soul fully resolved yet to conquer; he sur-
veyed, with a calm, stern eye, the dangers
that thickened around him. Should the rear-
guard fail, nothing but a miracle could save
him—but it should not fail. Every deep
laid plan was thwarted, every surprise dis-
concerted, and every sudden movement to
crush it, eluded by its tireless, sleepless lead-
ers. Often within musket-shot of the en-
emy's vanguard, the excited soldiers wished
to return the fire; but the stern orders to
desist were obeyed, and the two tired armies
toiled on. It was a fearful race for life, and
right nobly was it won.

At length, the main army arrived within
forty miles of the ferry-boats which were to
place a deep river between them and the foe,
and hope quickened every step. All night
long they swept onward through the gloom,
cheered by the thought that another day
would place the object for which they
struggled within their grasp. On that same cold
and slippery night, the noble rear-guard,
slowly retreating, suddenly, at twelve
o'clock, watch-fires blazing in the distance,
then lay the army for which they
had struggled so nobly and suffered so much,
overturn at last and sure to fall. In this
fearful crisis, that gallant band paused,
held a short consultation; and then resolved,
with one accord, to throw themselves in an
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by analogous processes, and success is with-
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six cents every working day, and annually
invest the aggregate at compound legal 7
per cent, he will at the age of seventy, pos-
sess \$32,000. Many men who resort to
life insurance, can save several times twenty-
six cents daily, and thus accumulate several
times the above sum, long before the age of
seventy. Nearly all large fortunes are the
result of such accumulations; hence the
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tinue to send you the paper.

But at noon, a single horseman was seen
coming, in a swift gallop, up the road along
which Greene had lately passed. Every
eye watched him as he approached, and as he
reined his panting steed up beside the
officer that exhausted, but still resolute
band, and exclaimed, "The army is over
the river!" a loud buzz rent the air.
The main portion of the guard was now
hastily despatched by the shortest route to
the ferry, while Lee still hovered with his
legion in front of Cornwallis. As the former
approached the river they saw Greene, van
and haggard, standing on the shore, and ga-
zing anxiously up the road by which they
were expected to appear. His army was
over, but he had remained behind to learn
the fate of that noble guard, and if necessary
to fly to its relief. His eye lightened with
exultation, as he saw the column rush for-
ward to the river with shouts which were
echoed in deafening accents from the oppo-

site shore. It was now dark, and the troops
were crowded with the utmost despatch into
the boats and hastened over. Scarcely had
they safely landed, before the banks shook
beneath the hurried, heavy tramp of Lee's
legion, as it came thundering on towards
the ferry. The next moment the shores
rang with the clatter of armor, as those bold
riders dismounted, and leaped into the boats
ready to receive them. The horses were
pushed into the water after them, and the
black mass disappeared in the gloom. In a
few moments, light dancing along the farther
shore, told of their safe arrival—and a shout
that made the welkin ring, went up from the
American camp. Lee was the last man that
embarked; he would not stir till his brave
dragons were all safe; and, as the boat that
bore him touched the shore, the tread
of the British van echoed along the banks
he had just left. The pursuing columns
closed rapidly in towards the river, but the
prey they thought within their grasp, had es-
caped. Not a boat was left behind—and
Cornwallis saw, with the deepest anguish,
a deep broad river rolling between him and
his foe. It was a bitter disappointment; his
baggage had all been destroyed in vain, and
this terrible march of two hundred and
fifty miles made, only to be retraced!

But no pen can describe the joy and ex-
ultation that reigned in the American camp
that night. The army received that gallant
rear-guard with open arms, and hailed them
as their deliverers. Forgotten was all their
lacerated feet, and stiffened limbs, and empty
stomachs, and scanty clothing; and even
the wintry wind swept by unheeded, in the
joy of their escape. Together they sat down
and recounted their toils, and asked, each
of the other, his perils and hardships done
by the way. Laughter, and mirth, and songs,
and all the reckless gaiety of a camp from
which restraint is taken, made the shores
echo. But it was with sterner pleasure
Greene contemplated his escape; and as he
looked on the majestic river, rolling its broad,
deep, current onward in the starlight, a
mountain seemed to lift from his heart.
He listened to the boisterous mirth about him,
only to rejoice that so many brave fellows
had been snatched from the enemy; they
turned to his tent to ponder on his position,
and resolve what next to do.

Thus ended this glorious retreat. It had
been conducted for two hundred and fifty
miles through a country not furnishing a sin-
gle defile in which a stand could be made.
Three large rivers had been crossed, forests
traversed—and through rain and mud, and
over frost and ice, Greene had fled for
twenty days, baffling every attempt of his
more powerful antagonist to force him to a
decisive action. For the skill in which it
was planned, the resolution and energy with
which it was carried through, and the dis-
tance traversed, it stands alone in the
annals of our country, and will bear com-
parison with the most renowned feats of ancient
or modern times. It covered Greene with
more glory than a victory could have done,
and stamped him at once the great com-
mander.

Select Miscellany.

HOW TO GROW RICH.

Hunt, in the last number of his Magazine,
says:—When a man takes more pleasure
in acquiring money than expending it, he has
taken the first step towards wealth. A far-
mer will receive a few grains of an improved
species of corn, which he will not eat, but
will plant them, and replant the product from
year to year, till his few grains will become
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to fly to its relief. His eye lightened with
exultation, as he saw the column rush for-
ward to the river with shouts which were
echoed in deafening accents from the oppo-

rance, loses not the premiums only, but the
immense increase which the money would
produce, should he invest it at compound in-
terest, and live to the ordinary limit of man's
life. Extremely old men, who have no length
of life in prospect, are the only persons, if
any, who should insure their lives, for the
expense of their insurance would be but lit-
tle more than the annual premiums. The
true principles of the road to wealth is first
the desire to gain, and the second, to become
your own banker. Almost every man who
really desires to become rich, may do so, if
governed by these feelings and actions; and
it is just as certain that every person who
takes more pleasure in spending than he
does in seeing his pile of treasure grow, will
die poor.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

The Journal of Commerce furnishes its
readers with the following affecting sketch.
It is a picture in real life—a vision of truth.
A lady was riding, some years since, through
Connecticut, in her father's carriage, when
they were brought to a stop by a woman
coming from a cottage, near which they passed,
and, beckoning to them. Drawing the
reins tight and stopping his horses, Mr. T—
waited her approach. As she came nearer,
her face appeared intelligent and attractive,
but melancholy withal, and her eye was
restless and roving; but as she reached the
side of the carriage, and laid her hand on the
window edge, she gazed with intense
earnestness into the face of the lady, and
asked, "Have you seen William, anywhere?"

Staring at the proximity of a deranged
person must have been, the lady had suffi-
cient presence of mind to assure her that
she had not seen William, and the poor
wretch by the road side turned away with
a sigh.

Years had passed, and the incident was
almost forgotten, when, a few weeks ago,
the same lady, now the wife of a lawyer in
this city, was riding through Fulton street,
in Brooklyn. A loud cry attracted her at-
tention, and looking at the side walk, she
saw a woman with streaming hair and wild
eye running down the street, screaming—
"Willy, Willy, Willy," in a voice that seem-
ed, as she described it to be, so unutterably
mournful and thrilling, that it must reach the
ear of him she called, unless that ear was
sealed in the silence of death.

Was this the same person she had met
long ago in Connecticut? and had her poor
wandering brain been searching all these
years for the boy she loved—searching all
in vain? Who was he? and where on the
broad earth had he kept himself out of the
reach of that wild love? She had asked a
million of persons if they had seen him, and
none knew him. She had called him in the
forest, in the crowded city, in the day and
in the night, now hopelessly, now mournful-
ly, and always he had answered not. Or
was he, perchance, beyond answering, and
did the voice reach him in that land whence
he might not reply to her, however much his
soul might yearn towards her?

Mayhap, if so it be, and he strive hard—
mayhap, some pleasant evening, when
he sits alone, and murmurs his name in ac-
cents of unchanging affection, God may
grant him utterance in tones that will reach
her worn heart, and then—how it will spring
back through the lonesome years, and with
vigorous freshness and beauty of youth and
youthful love, go forth to meet him! Or,
as these lines will in one day go further than
she can in a thousand, if William be where
he is on the earth, and his conscience tells
him he is wandering from a heart he owes
allegiance to, let him know when he reads
this that there is ringing all through the
world, now here, now there, a voice that
is calling him mournfully, but, oh, how lov-
ingly, back to arms that yearn to embrace
him.

ASKING TOO MUCH.—A young couple
were sitting together in a romantic spot, with
birds and flowers about them, when the fol-
lowing dialogue ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would
please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy
feet."

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just
reminds me that I wish you'd stop using to-
bacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which
I am wedded."

"Very well, sir, since this is the way
you lay down your life for me, and as you
are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take
good care you are never wedded to me, as
it would be bigamy."

How to STOP A PAPER.—The only hon-
est way to stop a paper, when not wanted,
is to pay into the hands of the Postmaster
whatever you owe for it, if it be only two
numbers, and see that the Postmaster writes
an order to have it stopped. There is no
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DRESS.

There is one fallacy, still current against
woman, which we must take this public
opportunity of renouncing:

A certain old Father, sored by the cir-
cumstances of his lot, relieved some of his
spleen, by defining woman, an animal that
delights in finery; and this saying, natu-
rally so acceptable to disappointed gentlemen
of all orders, continued in authority even to
the time of the amiable Spectator, who was
not ashamed to quote it. We had, never-
theless, long ago, serious doubts on the ven-
erable dictum; and are, therefore, the more
obliged to the books now lying before us—
especially to that which, being written by a
"Lady of Rank," is not to be questioned—
for the accumulated evidence they have pro-
duced in favor of our hesitation. They have
made it pretty clear that, in all that ap-
pertains to finery in dress, the sex to which the
Father himself belonged, has not only kept
pace, but frequently outstripped the other;
and that, whilst our poets, moralists and
clergy have been satirizing and denouncing
the extravagancies and absurdities of female
apparel, we have been flaunting and strutting
away, under cover of our own fire, far more
extravagant and absurd than they. It ap-
pears from Mr. Plache's history and the other
meritorious works now before us, that we
cannot point to one single excess or caprice
in dress which has appeared on the beau-
tiful person of woman, that has not had its
counterpart, as bad or worse, upon the ugly
body of man. We have had the same effem-
inate stuffs—the same fine laces—the same
rich furs—the same costly jewels. We
have had as much gold and embroidery, and
more tinsel and trumpery. We have sport-
ed stays and stomachers—muffs, ear-rings,
and love locks. We have rouged and patch-
ed, and padded and laced. Where they
have indulged a little extravagance on one
part, we have broke out ten times worse in
another. If they have had head-dresses like
the moon's crescent, we have had shoes like
a ram's horn. If they have lined their petti-
coats with whalebone, we have stuffed our
tomb hoes with bran. If they have wreath-
ed lace ruffs round their lovely throats, we
have buttoned them about our clumsy legs.
If they carried a little mirror openly on their
fans, we have concealed one slyly in our
pockets. In short, wherever we look into
the history of mankind, whether through the
annals of courtiers, the evidence of painters,
or, as now, through the condescending re-
searches of a Lady of Rank, we find two an-
imals equally fond of dress; but only one
worth bestowing it on—while the Greek
Father doubtless knew as well as we.

In this age, however, it would be difficult
to impugn us for any over-indulgence of this
propensity; the male costume being reduced
to a mysterious combination of the inconve-
nient and unpicturesque, which, except in
light of retribution, it is puzzling to ac-
count for. Hot in summer; cold in win-
ter; useless either for keeping off rain or
sun; stiff without being plain; bare without
being durable, not becoming, and not cheap.
Man is like a corrupt borough; the only
way to stop the evil has been to deprive him
of his franchise. He—we mean the man of
civil life; the military are not at present in
question—is no longer even allowed the op-
tion of making himself ridiculous. Not a
single article is left in his wardrobe with
which he can even make what is called an
impression; a conquest is out of the ques-
tion. Each taken separately, is as absurd
as the emptiest fop could have devised, and
as ugly as the staunchest Puritan could
have desired.

The hat is a machine to which an impar-
tial stranger might impute a variety of use-
ful culinary purposes, but would never dream
of putting on his head. His stock looks
a manacle with which he has escaped from
prison, or his cravat like a lasso, with which
he has been caught in the act. His shirt
collars may be entitled to the name of water-
modern, (or father murderers) in Germany,
but certainly never did any other execution
there or elsewhere. His coat is a contrivance
which covers only half his person, and does
not fit that; while his waistcoat, if a strait
one, would be an excellent restraint for one
who can contentedly wear the rest of the
costume. Each article, in addition, being
under such strict laws, that whoever attempts
to alter or embellish only gets credit for
more vanity than his fellows, and not for
more taste.—Quarterly Review.

From the legend of a student who returned
from the University with such a stiff pair, that
on embracing his father, they out the old gen-
tleman's throat.

LAZY MEN.

Genius, unexercised, is no more genius than
a bushel of acorns in a forest of oaks.—
There are epics in men's brains just as
there are oaks in oaks, but the tree and the
book must come out before we can measure
them. We very naturally recall here, that
large class of grumblers and whiners, who
spend their time in longing to be higher than
they are, while they should have been em-
ployed in advancing themselves. These bit-

terly moralize on the injustice of society.—
Do they want a change? Let them change—
who prevents them? If you are as high as
your faculties permit you to rise in the scales
of society, why should you complain of men?
It is God that arranged the law of preced-
ence. Implaud him or be silent! How
many men would love to sleep beggars and
wake Rothschilds or Astors!

How many men would fain go to bed
dunces, to be waked up Solomon. You
reap what you have sown. They who sow
dunce seed, vice seed, or laziness seed, usu-
ally get a crop. They that sow the wind,
reap a whirlwind. A man of mean "capac-
ity undeveloped," is only an organized day-
dream with a skin on it. A flint and geni-
us that will not strike fire, are not better
than wet junk wood. We have scripture
for it, that "a living dog is better than a
dead lion." If you go up, go—if you would
be seen, shine.

At the present day, eminent position in
any profession, is the result of hard, unwea-
ried labor. Men cannot longer fly, at one
dash, into eminent position. They have got
to hammer it out by steady and rugged
blows. The world is no longer clay, but
rather iron, in the hands of its workers.
[EMERSON.]

FASHIONABLE SUICIDE.—The Richmond
Republican, in the course of a sensible ar-
ticle on Fashion, gives these valuable hints
to the ladies:

"Within a year or two past, corsets have
been partially abandoned, but a substitute
equally as destructive to health has been
adopted. In old times, ladies used to wear
just enough petticoats to keep them com-
fortable, and these were kept in their places
by shoulder straps. But now, it's no uncon-
mon thing to see a weakly, delicate little creature
perambulating the streets with six or eight
skirts—some of them thick and heavy enough
for horse blankets—tied tightly around her
waist, thereby heating the spine, and creat-
ing a pressure upon the abdomen, that if
constantly applied to the back of a mule,
would kill him as dead as Julius Caesar in
less than a month. Advise her against these
things, and you are answered, 'its fashion-
able to dress so, and one had as well be out
of the world as out of the fashion.' Fashion
the Deuce. It's fashionable for some fools to
kill themselves outright, and be done with it.
We therefore advise those ladies who are
willing to die for fashion, to adopt that
course, instead of pursuing another equally
certain, but much slower—the only differ-
ence being that where they determine to com-
mit suicide by improper dressing, the doc-
tors have the benefit of their decline, and the
anguish and anxiety of friends and relations
are kept alive for months, while in the latter
case the blow falls heavily at first; but nat-
urally wears off and is eventually forgotten."

